

ROSENBERG:

VOL. I.

9280
45-2

ROSENBERG:

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

BY A L A D Y.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

1789.

19464.19(12)
✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
THE GIFT OF
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Apr 10, 1928
(2 vols)

William Henry Mathews

M.S.

C

R O S E N B E R G,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

Legend

TWO hundred winters have dis-
robed the wide forests of Bohemia,
and as many vernal suns renewed their
verdure, since the disconsolate Lothair,
cast out from that hospitable roof which
had sheltered his helpless infancy, with-
out fortune, without friends, with only
a few ducats in his purse, and two, or
three changes of linen in his pocket;
with no other consolation than his in-
tegrity, and no other companion than

B

his

his horse, took from the castle of Borlaflaw his unconcerted journey.

The draw bridge was let down for him by an old servant of the family, who had been a favorite of the deceased count, but who was now condemned to the most menial offices.

And are you going, Sir? said this ancient domestic, *never* to return?—Alas that I should live to see this day!

Thank you, my good Anthony, for this mark of disinterested affection; said Lothair; few are those who dare own themselves the friends of the unfortunate.

“Ah well-a-day!” (sigh’d out Anthony)
“I am not worthy to be called the friend
“of such a noble youth. Oh, if my
“power would but second my inclination,
“tion,

“ tion, the gallant Lothair, the be-
“ loved, the adopted of my revered
“ lord, should be emperor of half the
“ globe. Alas! an old man’s blessing
“ is all I have to bestow, and that little
“ all, with my whole heart I give. Oh
“ may heaven, added he, with up-
“ lifted hands and eyes, guide your
“ feet from all false friends, through
“ the intricate mazes of this deceitful
“ world, and for this undeserved mor-
“ tification shower its choicest blessings
“ on your head.”

“ My old, my respected friend! (said
“ Lothair) your blessing is more valua-
“ ble than the treasure of princes. May
“ your days glide on in peace; and
“ heaven, in its own good time, receive
“ your guiltless soul, without one part-
“ ing pang.—Farewell.”

He spurred his horse forward a few paces, then turned him round to take one parting look. His eye wandered from Anthony to the battlements of the castle; one particular tower fixt his attention. He sighed. His eye reverted to the domestic who still gazed on him. He waved his hand, again spurred his horse, and, as if flying from reflexion, in a moment was out of sight.

He rode forward—but whither was he going?—What course was he to pursue?—Questions which he asked himself, but could not answer. The malignancy of his fate had overtaken him in so unlooked for a manner with such unabated rapidity, that it had left him no time to think, much less to form any regular plan of conduct. He had now sufficient leisure for both, but his ideas, from the sudden whirl of his fortune,

fortune, were too much deranged to render that leisure of any use to him. He only wished to fly from every eye which had witnessed his prosperous days into some district where he was utterly unknown.

Whilst he was thus occupied in an inexplicable maze of thought, regardless of his path, his horse took upon himself the direction of his journey, and kept the beaten track, taking care not to fatigue himself with going very fast, except when his master, impelled by some greater agitation of mind, spurred him to a brisker pace; but he sometimes stooped to crop the herbage by the roadside, and sometimes refreshed himself by drinking of the rivulets which meandered in his way.

The closing day awoke Lothair to a sense of his local situation, and he felt

a degree of anxiety concerning how his night was to be passed. The wide forests of Bohemia abounded with a set of ruffians who, under the habit of pandours, committed the most horrid excesses. It is true he had little to lose, and his life stript of its comforts appeared of no value; yet the involuntary wish of nature for existence impelled him to some care of that being, which at the same time he told himself he despised.

4 He had rode some time in an open plain, which he preferred to the deep shades of the forest, by the light of the moon, before he descried a human habitation. At length he perceived a little cabbin by the road side which its owner had dignified with the name of an inn. He stopt; and, enquiring whether himself and his horse could be

accommodated, received so satisfactory an answer, that he alighted, committed the care of the animal to the host, and followed his daughter into the house, where, upon her talking of some omelets of eggs, and other viands of the same kind, he perceived what the deep pre-occupation of his mind had prevented his attending to, that he was really very hungry, not having tasted a morsel of any thing that day.

His young hostess applied herself very assiduously to procure him his supper, and hunger gave it such a relish, that Jannette thought herself flattered in the honour he did her regale.

Jannette was a healthy, florid strapping girl of twenty, without one single drachm of prudery in her constitution. She was charmed with the manly beauty

of our hero, and very desirous of inspiring him with a reciprocal regard. Whilst he drank his wine after supper she put in practice a hundred little coquettish arts, which, to the discredit of his gallantry, he totally disregarded; and I know not how I shall excuse him to the man of fashion of these days but by confessing, that one reason why he did not discern in the black sparkling eyes of Jannette the too legible desires of their mistress was, that his whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the ideal beauties of a pair of languishing blue ones.

Jannette mortified, disappointed, and horridly out of humour, internally cursing his stupidity, retired from the unavailing attack, and gave him up to the care of her father, who upon his desire to be shewn to his
apartment

apartment, conducted him by a ladder into the room where he was to sleep.

The man was profusely eloquent in praise of the bed. Lothair cast his eyes upon it, and from the panegyrick was convinced of the truth of what he had often heard asserted, that things are good or ill but by comparifon. To mine host, who had been accustomed to the worst of beds in the most wretched hovels, it had a most respectable appearance; but had so little to recommend it in the eyes of Lothair, that from the first view he determined not to get into it. He was however constrained, as there was but one broken chair in the room, to throw himself upon its outside by way of resting himself; but felt so much disgust, which added to the anxiety of his mind, effectually precluded

ded him from sleeping; and having for about an hour courted to no purpose that sweet oblivion of care, he rose, more fatigued than when he laid down, and opening something, which was by way of window to his apartment, he contemplated the moon, which was near its full, and shone just opposite to him with peculiar radiance.

He had stood but a very short time, when he fancied he heard mens voices in the front of the house. The room to which he had been conducted was not over the kitchen where he supped, but in the back part of the house, towards a kind of garden.

Actuated by an irresistable sentiment of mingled curiosity and suspicion, he softly opened a door which led into another chamber, and listening

ing at the window, heard himself described very minutely, with inquiries whether he had been seen by any besides the inhabitants of the cabin.

Joy for a moment took possession of his soul; for he flattered himself, count Borlaflaw was become by some miracle convinced of his own ingratitude and injustice, and had sent to require his return. Full of this improbable idea, he opened the window to speak to these inquirers, when in that critical moment he discovered among them a servant, whom he knew was a confidential one of Theodore, son of Baron Steinfort.

Perfectly convinced no good could come to him from that quarter, he withdrew his head before he was discovered, and found by the talking in
the

the room under him, that they had entered the house.

As it was of the utmost consequence to him to penetrate their design in thus pursuing him, he laid himself down on the floor, which was old and full of chinks, and was soon fortunate enough to discover a hole sufficiently large to give him, by placing one eye to it, a distinct view of the whole partié.

There was as he had before remarked, a servant of Theodore's, with two other men of countenances the most diabolical, seated, with the host and his daughter round a table, with liquor and provisions before them; yet they seemed more intent on conversation than eating, and were seemingly in very deep consultation.

Their

Their discourse was carried on in voices so depressed that they were scarcely higher than a whisper, yet so absorbed was the whole soul of Lothair in his ear, he lost not a word, except in the first part of the conversation.

“ I tell you,” said the footman,
“ ducats shall not be wanting--look
“ here is plenty of gold, my boy, and
“ if this (chinking a large purse) will
“ not content you, you shall have
“ more; enough to make your old age
“ comfortable, and buy your pretty
“ daughter a good husband.---And all
“ for what?--body of me! for no-
“ thing but holding your tongue.--
“ We dont want your assistance; these
“ gentlemen know their trade too well
“ to require your help.”

“ But

“ But if it should be discovered?”
said the host, (eying the purse.)

“ How the devil should that be ?
“ we must be silent for our own sakes,
“ and dead men tell no tales.”

[“ But how shall I answer it to my
“ conscience ?”

“ Pho, you can afford to purchase
“ absolution, your confessor and you
“ will set that to rights never fear.”

“ Aye, and so he will,” said Jannette,
“ Father Jeromé is not a severe man,
“ and I have interest enough with
“ him to soften the penance. Come
“ father, when you have an opportu-
“ nity of making your family for ever,
“ what do you scruple ?”]

She then proceeded to urge so many
arguments to induce her father to
comply

comply, that Lothair, astonished as he was at hearing such sentiments proceed from the mouth of a woman, found he had not a moment to lose in useless reflections.

He cautiously withdrew into his own chamber. The window was yet open. It was a small one, but he was slender, and the first floor of the cabin was not very lofty. with some little difficulty he wrenched himself through it, and slid from it to the ground. Then stealing through the yard, not daring to take his horse, as soon as he had cleared the precincts of the cabin, which were not very extensive, he flew with all the speed in his power through the valley, and by the morning dawn reached a thick forest.

Blessing the friendly shelter, as by
this

this time he was too fatigued to have gone much farther, he plunged into the thickest part of it, and ascending a tall tree, whose luxuriant foliage would have effectually screened him from view, had his enemies pursued him thither, excessive fatigue brought with it its own cure, and he lost all his cares, his anxieties and his disappointments in a profound sleep; nor did he wake till the sun darted his meridian beam through the verdant canopy.

In the first moment of his waking, the novelty of his lodging and the strangeness of the scene around, made him fancy himself still in a dream. But soon the painful incidents of the preceding day crowded on his recollection, and the care of an existence which the morning before he had contemned

temned, nay even execrated, now became his study.

He reflected with pain that he had no weapon to defend himself with, for having when he laid down on the bed taken off his sword, in the hurry of his escape he forgot to take it with him. He therefore cut up as large a club as he could manage with his pocket knife, and pursued his way through the mazes and narrow parts of the forest, uncertain where they would lead him; his only point being to get at a distance from his enemies, or in these labyrinths evade their search. By evening he came to the verge of another large plain, on which he perceived several scattered cottages, and which seemed terminated by another such forest as that through which he had passed.

Extremely tired with his long walk, and faint with fasting the whole day, he yet dared not venture into the plain till evening; when passing several cottages who seemed to have more company in them than he chose to disclose himself to; he at last saw one who had no other inmate at that time than an old woman. He tapped at the door, and requested the old dame to give him a sup of milk.

“ Aye that I will,” said she, (holding her candle up to him) “ God blefs
“ that sweet face, it looks as if you
“ were very weary with a long day’s
“ sport. Shall I bring your honour
“ a slice of my poor ordinary brown
“ bread with the milk?”

“ If you please my good mother, it
“ never could be more acceptable.”

She

She hastened to her cupboard, and bringing from thence a large loaf, set it before him with a knife, that he might help himself. She then in a clean wooden bowl, which was none of the smallest, brought him some fresh milk.

He eat with so keen a relish, and drank so liberally of the delicious beverage his bowl contained, that his benevolent hostess was delighted, and would fain have replenished it, but this he refused. He however requested a piece of the loaf to put in his pocket, and giving her a million of thanks, accompanied with a piece of money, which amply repaid all her civilities, he once more sat forwards, though he scarcely knew to what part of the compass, and had formed no determinate plan.

He walked leisurely cross the plain, and a little before day reached the skirts of the other forest, where, as on the preceding morning, he rested himself amidst the thick boughs of a spreading tree, and enjoyed several hours of profound repose, dearly earned by his fatigue.

When he awoke, after eating some of his kind hostess's brown bread, of which he had taken a very ample slice, he again set forward, keeping as before, in the narrow paths and thickest parts of the forest: But the morning was overcast, and threatened a stormy and tempestuous day.

As he proceeded, the forest put on a more regular and cultivated appearance: it opened in glades infinitely charming; at length a wide extended
lawn

lawn presented itself, terminated by a castle.

Whilst he was beholding it, the clouds, which had been before darkly lowering, now poured down their contents in torrents on his head, whilst the most tremendous thunder shook the air, and the lightning in incessant flashes blazed around.

Lothair was still standing, and considering what he had best do, when a peasant passed him. "A piteous day, master," said he.

"True," said Lothair, "can you tell me friend, if there is any house near where I may have shelter from this storm?"

"My cottage is within two miles, please your honour," answered the

peasant, (after looking at him very earnestly,) "and I should be proud to
"entertain you in it."

"Thank you my good friend, but
"that castle is near, who lives there?
"perhaps its inhabitants would take
"me in--will you run across the lawn
"and tell them my distress?"

"Odsbodykins! I had rather endure
"the pelting of fifty such storms as
"this, than go where I am sure to
"meet the devil: who has kept his
"court there any time these twenty
"years, and all the witches come
"every night to dance with him, and
"a fearful coil they make according
"to all accounts; there is such a
"shrieking, such howling, and such a
"hubbub, that every body had rather
"go ten miles another way than go
"within

“ within one of the castle, 'specialy
“ after sunset, for then all the gambols
“ begin.

“ Nobody lives there then?”

“ Oh no, goodlack ! Nobody, your
“ honour.”

“ Farewell friend ; I am sorry to
“ have so long detained thee.”

“ Then your honour will not go to
“ my cottage?”

“ No ; I thank thee :—but is not
“ that castle the receptacle of rob-
“ bers?”

“ Oh ! no, no, the hardiest villain of
“ them all would not sleep there, as I
“ have been informed, nor even enter
“ its gates, for the richest booty they
“ might take, so generally is it known
“ and feared.”

C 4

“ Farewell,

“ Farewell, friend.”

“ Farewell your honour,” and away he scampered out of sight.

“ This uninhabited place (said Lothair) shall be my abode, and these vulgar prejudices will be my security from interruption or discovery. But how to subsist—I shall there have leisure enough to contrive.”

+ A violent storm of hail sent him running cross the lawn, and he soon arrived at what had been the moat, but which was now become choaked with weeds, and almost grown up. A decayed drawbridge lay across it by which he passed into the ruined court. The door of the castle stood half open, and he entered a spacious hall. But his

his entrance occasioned no small bustle, from the fright it gave a large owl, who had taken up his hitherto unmolested station in that place, and whose sudden flight alarmed a family of bats, its antient inhabitants.

The uproar occasioned by his intrusion being a little allayed, Lothair looked round. An air of magnificence was still visible through the dirt and cobwebs. It was lofty. Its upper pannels adorned with whole length pictures of the kings of Bohemia; its lower with military trophies; and the hacked sword, the battered helmit, the tattered colours, evinced the active bravery of their possessors. Its floor; where, from the accumulated dust of a length of years the floor could be discerned, was marble in large chequers of black and white; the windows large, but

but from their gothic structure, and the glass being painted with armorial bearings, covered too with dirt and cobwebs, the light which struck through them was dim and gloomy, and but just sufficient to give the surrounding objects to the eye.

A spacious stone stair-case was at the upper end of this hall, and several doors on each side. Lothair opened one and found it led into a noble suite of apartments, whose velvet hangings, which once had been crimson adorned with gold, were dropping by damp and neglect from the walls.

But what most surprized him was to find that, though uninhabited, the castle was not disfurnished, there appearing in these rooms every thing proper for an opulent family, though
in

in a state of decay; for the chairs, covered with the richest materials, were many of them falling to pieces, and the costly marble tables had crushed their frames with their own weight.

Returning into the hall he opened a door on the other side, and found it conducted to the offices, among which was a kitchen of sufficient size and contrivance to answer all the wants of a princely family; furnished also with every culinary apparatus, and in some disorder, as if in actual use, though dirty, and devoured with rust.

He then ascended the stairs, and, opening a door in the front of the antichamber, he found himself in a grand saloon, furnished in a superb style; and he perceived this floor had not suffered near so much as the
ground

ground floor by damp, for the splendid ornaments of this room were in a very good state of preservation, and fully evinced the magnificent and elegant taste of those who had adorned it; and the beautiful lapis lazuli tables, with many others of the most precious marbles had stood without injury.

He next opened the doors of many bedchambers. Some of them he found sumptuously decorated, others simply elegant, not one but what bespoke princely opulence. All of them had suffered more or less; but seemingly more from damp than time, which Lothair imputed to the choaking up of the moat which had affected the castle walls, the costly hangings which were upon them bearing the greatest marks of decay.

One

One of these chambers he entered, whose hangings were in much better preservation than the rest; they were of rich tapestry, and told the story of Ariadne with great beauty and spirit. In one place, on a bold promontory which jutted far out into the sea, she was placed as calling aloud to her inhuman betrayer: in her hand her snowy veil streamed to the wind, and in her countenance the deepest distress was depicted with the most animated expression; whilst at a distance the proud vessel, all her sails swelling to the winds, seemed to cut the green waves and glide from her. In another part after, being relieved by Bacchus she was seen crowned with the leaves, and tendrils of the vine, and lifting up her eyes in an extasy of gratitude, passionately pressing to her bosom a bunch
of

of grapes, the symbol of her generous lover.

Over the magnificent chimney-piece of this room was a large picture which contained a family group, and fixed the attention of Lothair.

A man in the prime of life, and of a noble air and aspect, stood leaning with looks of pleasure and cordial love over the back of a chair, on which sat a lady of exquisite beauty; on her lap lay a lovely smiling male infant which she was caressing; at her knee stood a fine little boy, and at a small distance were two other children, a beautiful girl seated on a lamb, whose neck was decorated with flowers, and held on by a boy of a most amiable countenance, seemingly something older than herself.

“ Happy

"society, in my solitude let me find
"Thee."

The day was by this time drawing to its close, Lothair was still dripping wet from the storm, though his curiosity had so entirely engrossed every faculty, that it had scarcely occurred to him. But having partly gratified that, and disburthened his heart in the above soliloquy, a chill which he now felt, reminded him that he was so, and he took off some of his cloaths and hung them at the back of a chair to dry, thinking to wrap himself up in the counterpane of the bed. But perceiving presses in a closet, the door of which stood open, he looked into them, and to his great surprize found they were full of men's habiliments of the richest kinds.

“ This castle (said he) abounds in
“ wonders. Its owner I trust will
“ pardon the liberty I take with his
“ cloathes when he knows my neces-
“ sity. I must beg leave to borrow
“ this night gown,” throwing one
about his shoulders; and then, laying
himself down on the bed, he was soon
buried in a profound repose, out of
which he was suddenly awoke about
midnight by a horrible noise, a kind
of cry of distress, as if from several
voices.

Lothair possessed a courage the
most undaunted, yet as he laid and
listened, and recollected what the
peasant had told him of the castle's
being the residence of infernal spirits;
though his good sense rejected the
supposition, a sentiment not much un-
like fear obtruded itself with the won-
der

der with which he heard that dismal cry, which rung through the castle; for that heart which is not to be appalled by *man*, may yet experience that sensation if he apprehends a conference with a being of a *different* order, of whose power he can form no adequate idea, and of course cannot have that confidence in himself, which we call courage, to resist them.

As he was deliberating with himself whether he had better rise, or continue where he was, on a sudden by the light of the moon, which shone bright into his apartment, he perceived a man at the foot of the bed.

Lothair though greatly surprized, looked stedfastly at him. He was in a loose dress, stained in many places

with blood; his aspect expressive of the deepest anguish and heart-felt grief, and his features, Lothair thought like those in the family picture.

The phantom seemed to eye Lothair as much as Lothair had considered him, then waved his hand for him to rise.

Though his heart palpitated at so strange a summons, he instantly obeyed it. He rose from the bed; the phantom walked to the door, beckoning Lothair to follow, he did so. It led him down the stair case and across the hall, where a door opened of its own accord to receive them.

Through this door, Lothair still followed his conductor, though not without

out reluctance, when he found it led them into a dark narrow passage.-- Hitherto he had enjoyed the light of the moon, but no sooner were they entered this place, than the door banged to with a violence which reverberated through all the castle, and he found himself shut up in utter darkness. Immediately his hand was seized by one of icy coldness, and he was drawn forward by it with an irresistible force, down a winding and deep descent of great length.

Was it in man to be unappaled in such a situation? The idea of his companion---the horror of the darkness---the descent, which seemed to his imagination as if leading into the bowels of the earth---perhaps to the infernal regions.

His blood seemed congealed by the cold touch of those strange fingers, his heart beat with a violence which would scarcely allow him to breathe, and his hair rose like the quills of the porcupine.

+ At length they stopt. A door before them flew open, and Lothair descried a room, or rather a dungeon, where by a blue and sulphureous light, he saw a woman sitting on the floor, besmeared with blood, and round her three children, all bleeding.

+ She looked towards them with a piteous aspect. Then seeing Lothair, she rose and glided towards him with spread arms, as if to embrace him. But with a heart too much oppressed to support any additional terrors, he shrunk with horror from the embrace, and fell into a deep swoon.

It was several hours e'er Lothair revived to sense and recollection. He looked round. The sun, which was now at some height, darting his beams on the window of a neighbouring tower, shot from thence downward an oblique ray, which piercing through the bars of that dismal abode in which Lothair found himself, just enabled him by its faint and indistinct light, to view it.

It was a narrow gloomy dungeon, the walls of which were besmeared with blood, and dropping with a noxious dew that partook of its colour. The most hideous reptiles were crawling over the slimy floor, upon which lay several dead bodies, which time had wasted to skeletons, and left no other covering than the decayed remains of the linen which is generally slept in.

Un-

Unnerved and with weakened spirits, Lothair shivered with horror at the scene; and without further discrimination than the first transient view afforded, perceiving the door open, endeavoured immediately to escape from it to the upper regions of the castle.

With some difficulty, and not without a chill of horror, he cautiously retrod his midnight steps through the pitchy dark ascent, groping with his hands, and running every moment against the damp winding wall; and never was the broad light of day so welcome to his eyes, as when on pushing open the door, he found himself in the hall.

He ascended the stair case with hasty steps, looking behind him as if
he

he feared the phantom was following him: and having entered the chamber where he slept, he put on his cloaths, which were still damp, and with all expedition left this troubled abode, and crossing the lawn regained the skirt of that forest which he had traversed the preceeding day.

He had scarcely entered it when he met again the same peasant who had accosted him the day before, and who seemed now quite as willing to enter into conversation with him.

“ A smiling morning, your honour,
“ after the bluster of yesterday. You
“ must have been nation wet, for I
“ never did see a more parlous shower.
“ Why wouldn't you be so good as
“ to go to my poor cottage? we should
“ have

“ have been very few minutes run-
“ ing there ; and my wife----Oh she
“ would have been *so* happy to dry
“ your honour’s cloaths, which to my
“ thinking are wet now.”

“ Dost thou know me, good fel-
“ low ?

“ Whoever hath once seen lord
“ Lothair, will not easily forget him.
“ But I have good reason to remem-
“ ber your honour as long as I live,
“ because I owe my life to your
“ honour.”

v

“ Your life !”

“ Yes, your honour, don’t you re-
“ member the count’s vassal Bertoff ?”

“ Indeed I do not recollect him.”

“ It is no wonder your honour
should

“ should forget *him*, and you have
“ done so many good actions, 'tis im-
“ possible you should remember them
“ *all*. I was born a vassal of the Count
“ Borlaslaw's, your honour. He was
“ a very good and a very kind lord to
“ his vassals *himself*. But great men
“ can't see all with their own eyes, or
“ hear with their own ears; and Wei-
“ mar his steward was as different from
“ my lord as the east is from the west.
“ My wife, your honour, was big with
“ child. Women will have fancies in
“ that state, your honour, the poor
“ man's wife as well as the rich; and
“ when they are sick and pining that
“ man must have a hard heart, say I,
“ that will not indulge them if he can.
“ My Christiana longed for partridges;
“ partridges are not food for poor men's
“ wives, so Weimar would have told
“ me

“ me had I asked him leave to kill one:
“ This Christiana knew; she did not
“ therefore complain, but she cried
“ sadly, and could not eat. I loved
“ my wife dearly, your honour: The
“ rich man has many comforts; the
“ poor man has only his wife and
“ children. I could not see her fret
“ herself to death, so I borrowed a
“ gun, shot her a partridge, and was
“ happy to see her eat and smile again.
“ But my happiness did not last long,
“ for an ill-natured neighbour told the
“ steward what I had done; he or-
“ dered me before him. My lord was
“ not then at the castle. He would
“ not hear me speak in my own de-
“ fence after I confessed the fact, for
“ I was above telling a lye to ex-
“ cuse myself, but he ordered me to
“ be hanged. God Almighty’s good
“ providence

“ providence sent you honour that
“ way as I was leading to execution;
“ you inquired my crime, heard my
“ defence, and with the looks of an an-
“ gel of mercy pardoned me. Oh
“ my lord, if you had but seen poor
“ Christiana when I went back to
“ her, for they would not let her go to
“ my execution, but carried her home
“ by main force----Oh if you had
“ seen her how, she hung about me
“ ---how she blest your honour---how
“ she prayed that heaven might bless
“ you---how she wished that she might
“ be so happy as to return you her
“ thanks on her knees, or that it
“ would please God to make her
“ able to do you some little service,
“ to shew her gratitude: Oh, if your
“ honour had seen all this, you would
“ not have thought poor people have
“ such

“such thankless hearts as rich people are willing to suppose they have, when they are not inclined to do them any service.”

“But how came you in this part of the country, Bertoff?”

“Oh, your honour, Wiemar was not pleased that I had scaped from his clutches, and contrived so many ways to plague me, that I was glad to get away from under his jurisdiction; so I settled here, where I earn hard bread by cutting wood in the forest, and carrying it to N—. But though I earn coarse bread by hard labour and the sweat of my brow, what of that? work is good for my health, the rich man must toil or be sick; and he endures as much fatigue in sporting as I do in wood cutting.

“Our

“ Our only difference is he works
“ from *choice*, and I from *necessity*:
“ but why should I pine at that your
“ honour? since it was God Almighty
“ that made him rich and me poor,
“ and for that reason I ought as
“ much to be contented as he to be
“ thankful.”

“ Blest philosophy!”

“ No, your honour, I am no phi-
“ losopher, I am only a *christian*.
“ God Almighty in his goodness hath
“ given me *many* blessings: he hath
“ given me strength and health to do
“ my work; he hath given me the
“ best wife in the world; he hath
“ given me four as fine children, and
“ as handsome, though I say it that
“ should not say it, as any lord's in
“ the land: and shall I not thank him
“ fol-

“ for these good things because he hath
“ deny’d me others? he is wiser than
“ I your honour, and knows better
“ what is fittest for me, and when I
“ die, I trust I shall have as bright
“ a garment as the best of them.”

“ Oh Bertoff! thou art indeed a
“ happy man!

“ I am contented your honour, and
“ that is every thing. But would you
“ make me happy, go to my cottage,
“ Christiana will be wild with joy to
“ see you and dry your cloaths, and
“ she will thank you in better words
“ than I can do, for she was brought
“ up under young lady Herchfield,
“ and has a great deal of book learn-
“ ing.---Oh your honour, I had a
“ hard task to get her, but she saw I
“ should have died for love if I hadn’t
“ her

“ her, and she was loth to kill me,
“ for we were neighbours children,
“ your honour, and loved one another
“ when we were not higher than my
“ knee. Do, good your honour, go
“ with me and make my poor Christia-
“ na happy in thanking you for all
“ you have done for us, for your ho-
“ nour knows you put some ducats
“ in my purse.”

“ No more, my friend, I will how-
“ ever go with thee to have my cloaths
“ dried, which are indeed very damp.
“ Which is the way?”

“ O this way, your honour.”

They soon reached the cabin, for
it was no better, of honest Ber-
toff; who bawled out as he en-
tered, “ Here Christiana, I have
E brought

“ brought you a blessing you have
“ long prayed for, our preserver lord
“ Lothair: down on your knees my
“ girl, and thank him for your husband.”

“ Oh gracious Heaven,” she exclaimed, with a frantic joy, “ have you
“ at last heard my prayers! Oh thou
“ best, most generous, most compassionate of mortal men, in form and
“ in mind an angel! O receive those
“ thanks which my heart pants to give,
“ but my tongue has not power to
“ utter. Kneel, my children, kneel
“ round me, and bless the preserver
“ of your father, and in him your
“ mother and yourselves; join your
“ blameless voices with mine in prayers that his life may know every
“ happiness which mortality can enjoy, and his death secure him that
“ bliss

“ blifs which immortality alone can
“ give.”

“ My friend----good Christiana----
“ dear children----rise----you distress
“ me----rise----your gratitude is too
“ painful.”

“ Let us not distress our preserver, let
“ us not pain his noble heart; Christiana
“ his cloaths are wet, make a fire
“ and dry them. Perhaps he hath
“ not yet broke his fast, and will
“ eat some of our homely fare.”

“ Will you,” said Christiana, “ will
“ your lordship condescend to bless
“ our humble board?”

“ Gladly, Christiana; for to confess
“ a truth, I have been a long time
“ fasting.”

The cabin was now in commotion, the children were dispatched for sticks to make a fire ; Lothair was stript of his wet cloaths and drest in the holiday ones of Bertoff, which though sufficiently homely, were clean ; Bertoff undertook to dry them, whilst Christiana prepared the entertainment.

† A clean cloth was spread upon a shining brown table, and a regale of bread, butter, and milk sat thereon, that no time might be lost, whilst a repast of eggs and fish was preparing.— Some nuts, and dryed grapes composed the desert ; whilst the pure beverage of nature from the brook at their door, sparkled in the brown jug, which they wished Hungarian wine for his sake.

† The rage of hunger appeased, Lothair had leisure to look about him.
The

The house, though a mud-built cottage, was clean even to niceness, with all its humble furniture. His host was a robust peasant of about thirty: honesty in its plainest and most rustic garb marked his manners, whilst the warmest and best passions animated his glowing cheek, and his eye flamed with gratitude to his preserver, and affection to his wife and children.

Christiana was about his own age: her face though far from handsome was pleasing, as expressive of chearful good humour, and that good sense which had in her choice of a husband led her to prefer the rustic worth of Bertoff to the tinsel and false polish of his competitors, and her manners and conversation indicated the education she had received under her young patroness, but whose early death had pre-

vented her reaping those advantages which were intended for her.

Bertoff had gazed in silence on Lothair while he was eating: his voracious appetite, his wet cloaths from the preceding days storm, his being unattended, became matter of astonishment to him.

“ I ask your pardon, your honour, (said he) but I cannot chuse but wonder
“ to see your honour without any
“ servants, seemingly without lodging
“ last night, and hungry enough to
“ relish our homely diet.—If the good
“ count knew all this, he would fear
“ you would catch a fever with your
“ damp things.

“ And lady Juliana,” said Christina, smiling, “ what would she fear?
“ our

“our happiness would afford matter
“of apprehension enough to them.”

The cheeks of Lothair glowed at that name. “Alas,” said he sighing,
“know you not that the good count
“is dead? His brother is now in possession of the castle, and has chased
“me from it: and lady Juliana----is
“---by this time the wife of the young
“baron Steinfort; who, not content
“with that envied blessing, pursues my
“life with the most rancorous hate.
“It is but two nights ago that I escaped
“from ruffians hired to murder
“me into these forests, where, alone,
“and unarmed as I am, I would wish
“to avoid them. But scarce in any
“place can I think myself secure from
“their machinations, for neither gold
“or industry will be spared to effect
“my death.”

“ Here, your honour, here you *shall*
“ be safe, I will pledge my life to se-
“ cure yours,” said Bertoff.

“ Happy, thrice blest would be me
“ and mine,” said Christiana, “ to be
“ allowed to contribute to the safety
“ of our preserver.”

Both spoke with a glow, with an
ardency which marked their sincerity.

“ Generous, blessed spirits!” said
Lothair, “ worthy to inhabit the
“ breasts of princes! gratitude can-
“ not be a solitary virtue, to you I
“ will commit myself. I have still
“ some ducats, which will prevent my
“ becoming burthensome to my friends
“ till I can fix upon some plan for my
“ future conduct.”

Bertoff and his wife were as grate-
ful

ful to Lothair for his intention to stay with them as if he had conferred a benefit. "But," after a pause, (surveying again the cottage,) "my good friends," said Lothair, "this habitation but ill accords with your own expanded hearts, it must be too small for the family you already have, you cannot lodge me."

"Oh! we *will* contrive."

"The thing is impossible, besides my dear Bertoff, my enemies will pursue me, I know well their malice, it is edged with double fury by conscious ingratitude. If I appear here, others in this district may know me as well as yourself; inquiries will be made after me, and I shall be betrayed. Is there no unfrequented place near, in which I may shelter

"ter

“ter? is there no disguise you could
“think of in which I might conceal
“myself?”

“I, by the greatest accident in the
“world, discovered a cave in the
“forest, which is very large, and it is
“dry and clean.”

“The very thing. That cave shall
“be my residence.”

“And what does your lordship think
“of the dress of a hermit?” said Christiana.

“As of the happiest thought imaginable, and the properest inhabitant
“of a cave. I am impatient to wear
“it---but how shall I procure it?”

“That shall be my province,” answered she, “I was going this day
to

“ to N--, to sell my spinning work, and
“ buy some matters, and there I can
“ purchase what is necessary.”

“ Do, good girl, and in the interim
“ I will go with your husband to re-
“ connoitre the cave, and here is some
“ money for your marketings.”

According to this plan, each went
their different route. Lothair found
the cave but a little way in that part of
the forest which fronted the haunted
castle, but in a very thick part of it,
and accessible only by a narrow path,
which winded with many intricate
doublings through the briar and under-
wood; the first entrance to which was
scarcely perceptible, and was discover-
ed by Bertoff merely by accident.

The

The door of the cave, or rather cavern, as it was in the side of a rocky hill, was so covered with moss and weeds, it was no easy matter to find it. The cave itself, was large and commodious, and consisted of two apartments, which were cut out of the solid rock.

Our youthful adventurer was delighted with it: "to night," said he, "Bertoff, will I take possession, as soon as your wife comes from N--," and he was as good as his word, for the indefatigable Christiana came home soon after their return to the cottage, laden with those necessary articles, which enabled him so to do.

"Here, good Father Francis," said she, here is your beard, which, by the greatest good fortune in the world, I was

“ was enabled to procure you ; here is
“ also your robe, and your string of
“ beads. Let me have the honour of
“ transforming the handsomest young
“ man in Bohemia, into a venerable
“ hermit. I have brought you also a
“ mattress, pillow and coverlid ; a tin-
“ der-box, some oil, and a lamp.”

“ My dear woman, how could you
“ possibly contrive to bring all these
“ things ?”

“ Oh ! I loaded these boys. A fool,
“ a table, and kitchen utensils, I did
“ not buy, as we can spare you all that
“ you will want ; and now, I think,
“ your Lordship would be glad of your
“ supper ; for that also I have pro-
“ vided, as well as some cold provisions
“ to take with you.”

Lothair's

Lothair's affairs were soon adjusted; Christiana would assist in carrying his furniture to the cave; but the children were not permitted to be of the party, lest they should inadvertently betray the secret. The moon was friendly to the evening expedition. The mattress was spread in the inner cave, his humble furniture put in order, and after imploring millions of blessings on his head, Bertoff and his spouse left our adventurer to his repose.

The variety of incidents which had presented themselves since Lothair had quitted the castle of Borlaslaw, had led his imagination so rapidly from one idea to another, that he had found no leisure to investigate any; and the novelty of his situation was
now

now such as almost intirely to engross him, till sleep stole over his fatigued senses, and gave him a short respite from anxiety and grief.

Lothair awoke early; and, rising from his lowly couch, he opened the door of the cave, and sallied out to view his domain.

The cave was situated in a deep valley, or rather dell, which looked as if it had been made by the bursting asunder of the hill, which formed the sides, many bare and ragged points of rocks peeping through the irregular tufts of underwood, with which time had cloathed them, and which were agreeably intermingled with many odoriferous flowering shrubs; the whole overshadowed by the lofty forest

forest trees, rising as in an amphitheatre.

Opposite the cave a large ragged deeply-indented rock appeared, which jutted at the bottom into the valley, and sloped at the head into the mountain, amidst the trees and underwood, as if for the purpose of receiving a copious stream of the purest water, whose head was thus concealed, and which gushed, tumbled, and foamed down its declivities; and which, after falling into an irregular basin it had worn for itself, whose border was adorned with various aquatic plants, made its way to the right, through verdant banks, enamelled with a variety of wild wood flowers, till it was lost to the eye amidst the overshadowing trees, as the dell narrowed.

To

To the left, and against the path which entered the dell, as if the more effectually to conceal it, grew an aged oak, with low wide-spreading boughs, on whose trunk a honey-suckle had clasped her feeble arms; and, after having reached the lower branches, dropt back, and flaunting in the air, formed a bower of sweets, to enjoy which a large piece of root offered itself as a seat; Lothair took the hint, and placed himself upon it.

The wild dash of the water, the matin song, which was chaunting to the great Father of the Universe, from a thousand warbling throats, the fragrance of the flowers breathing their morning incense to Heaven, gave to Lothair, who had a warm unvitiated taste for the beauties of nature, a pure

and elegant delight ; his mind became harmonized, and his spirits exhilarated, as he inhaled their sweets, as he listened to the melody, as he gazed on the cool, solemn, and sequestered scene.

“ What an enchanting retreat !” he exclaimed. “ Sweet primeval feat of
“ innocence and peace ! Why cannot I
“ be the character I assume, bid a final
“ adieu to a world that affords not one
“ glimpse of happiness for me, and end
“ my life in this charming solitude ?”

“ If Juliana is another’s—and will
“ her being so admit a doubt ?—If she
“ is, What is the world ?—a blank.
“ Society, was it inclined to admit me,
“ —a curse,—and life an intolerable
“ burthen—

“ Here

“ Here, then, will I fix; this cave
“ my habitation, this valley my domain.
“ I will clear a spot in the forest, where I
“ will grow some vegetables for my subsistence; I shall want no other liquor
“ than the brook before me; I will
“ purchase some books for my amusement, and my habit and my poverty
“ will protect me from the robber.”

“ Yet how do I know but the constancy of Juliana may surmount the
“ obstinacy of her persecutors? Her
“ soul, though soft as the western
“ breeze, and yielding as air to all
“ reasonable desires, is firm and unbending in the cause of virtue and
“ honour.—Shall I supinely bury myself in solitude, and leave to her an
“ unavailing and unassisted conflict?
“ —I will at least make *one* effort to

“ see her. No one can recognize me
“ in my present disguise; I will find
“ means to enter the castle—I will be
“ assured I have nothing to hope, be-
“ fore I resign myself to despair.”

This resolution was no sooner formed than Bertoff appeared at the entrance, to whom Lothair communicated his determination: “ you must suffer me
“ then to go with you, my lord,” said that honest peasant, “ ’tis a parlous long
“ way, and your honour does not look
“ quite well. Besides you *may* be dis-
“ covered, and it will be safer to have
“ one with you, who is both able and
“ willing to defend you. I will run
“ home, tell Christiana where we are
“ going, bring some provisions for the
“ way, and then, if it so please you,
“ we will set out.”

This

This friendly proposition did please him; and, as soon as Bertoff returned, they began their peregrination, each with a stout staff in his hand, and a wallet of provisions on the shoulder of Bertoff.

The walk was indeed a long one, for they did not arrive at the environs of the castle till the second day had closed upon them. Their path lay within a furlong of the church, from the windows of which, when they came against it, they perceived a great light, which streamed along the glade.

"There is a funeral," said Bertoff, "shall we look in your honour?"

"As you please, my friend; my curiosity, except in one particular, is
F 3 "extinct.

“ extinct. But, probably, as there are
“ many people gathered together, you
“ may, by some prudent enquiries, dis-
“ cover what is going forward at the
“ castle. But I prithee be guarded”—

“ Oh! fear me not, your honour,”
said Bertoff, bending his hasty steps
towards the church. Lothair followed
him; they entered, perceived it lighted
by a profusion of wax tapers, full of
people, many of them in mourning
habits, and the priests chaunting a
requiem to the soul of the deceased.

“ Who *can* it be!” whispered Bertoff,
“ a woman, by the coffin, and to all
“ appearance, of great account.”

“ Happy spirit!” said Lothair: “ re-
“ leased from all the miseries of this
“ sublunary

“sublunary scene of torments, how I
 “envy thy sweet oblivion of grief and
 “care! But soft, they lead to the mo-
 “nument of Borlaslaw---my boding
 “heart!---For Heaven’s sake, Ber-
 “toff, enquire who is it.”

Bertoff made the enquiry of a pea-
 sant who stood near, and was answered,
 with a stare of wonder,

“Why, that’s strange, ye should not
 “know ’tis her ladyship, Madam Ju-
 “liana!”

“Lady Juliana!”

“Yes, lady Juliana, our lord’s daugh-
 “ter, the sweetest and best lady in the
 “world. This was to have been her
 “wedding day. Lord bless us! Many
 F 4 “things,

“ things, you see, master, fall out be-
“ tween the cup and the lip. Well,
“ God disposes all things, as our good
“ priest says. She had a bitter dislike
“ to the man my lord had choosed for
“ her—for you must thinks I knows a
“ bit of the matter, being you see I
“ have a brother lives servant in the
“ castle—she could not endure the
“ baron—no, no, there was another
“ young gentleman she had set her heart
“ upon, who was as handsome as the
“ day was long, and *so* affable and kind
“ to poor people—Well, well, ’tis not
“ for poor people to pass their verdict
“ upon rich people’s doings, or, to *my*
“ thinking, the count deserves all the
“ sorrow he meets with. He turned
“ this good young gentleman out of
“ doors to seek his fortune, when I have
“ heard a little bird sing, he never
“ would have been master of the castle,
“ if

"if it had not been for him—but
"mum for that; we must take care how
"we talk of our betters, you know.
"Well, and then he would make
"madam Juliana marry the baron, be-
"cause his father was rich; and now
"God, you see, has taken his daughter
"from him. All is for the best, as our
"priest says; for, to my thinking, she
"had better be in heaven than married
"to the baron, whose father is hated of
"every body, and all the servants say
"the son is as like him as two peas."

Though this intelligence was given in a whispering voice, Lothair lost not a word, as he leaned for support against one of the pillars of the church, which fortunately he happened to stand near, for a support indeed he wanted. "Lead me to the monument," said he, "Bertoff."

“For what purpose, your honour?”

“To die by my Juliana.”

“Alas! consider the consequences;
“you *must* be discovered.”

“I care not; life is no longer worth
“preserving.”

Bertoff reluctantly lent his arm; and Lothair, by that assistance, staggered towards the monument; in which, by this time, the coffin being deposited, and all due rites performed, every one had quitted, but the man whose office it was to take care of it, and lock it up, which he was then preparing to do.

“I have no leisure to gratify farther
“curiosity,” said he, very rudely, as
Lothair

Lothair entered; "if you don't come out directly, I shall lock you up."

"I shall thank thee, friend; thou canst not do me a greater service," replied Lothair, throwing himself upon his knees by the side of the coffin, and spreading his arms over it, whilst a torrent of tears poured down his cheeks.

The man looked at him with astonishment, not unmixed with pity. Poor Bertoff was in tears; yet, amidst his grief, forgot not how necessary it was his patron should be concealed: "a poor crazed hermit," said he to the sexton, "whose whole dependance was on the charity of lady Juliana."

"Alas! poor man! His loss is great indeed!" replied the other, "we

“ have all reason to weep ; she has not
“ left her peer behind her. *So* good,
“ *so* affable, *so* kind ! Ah ! the poor
“ have lost their best friend !---But
“ come, father, grief will not bring her
“ to life again, and I want to be getting
“ home.”

“ Have patience with him a short
“ time,” said Bertoff ; “ have you no
“ other matters to see after in the
“ church ?---In about a quarter of an
“ hour, perhaps, I shall be able to
“ move him from hence.”

“ Yes ; I want to put things a little
“ to rights ; but, when that is done, I
“ must not be kept.” So saying, he
left them.

“ Oh ! my dear sir,” said Bertoff to
Lothair, who still continued to bathe
the

the coffin with his tears, "though I
" cannot blame your grief for the loss
" of so sweet a creature, yet consider
" where you are, and the evil consequences
" of being known---Let us
" depart."

" *Where I am, Bertoff!----Oh! I*
" know full well---In the place which
" holds all that was ever dear to me in
" this world, and all to *whom* I was
" dear. Here lies my Juliana; the
" loveliest---sweetest---best---Oh! my
" swollen heart!---burst, obstinate tormentor,
" and spare me these excruciating pangs;---and *there, Bertoff,*
" look there,"---rising and pointing to
another coffin,---" there lies my dear,
" my inestimable friend: his arms
" dled my infancy, his care nurtured
" my youth: he fought to bring me to
" honour; it was his intention to give
" me

“ me riches, to procure me happiness
“ Alas!---thou most benevolent, thou
“ best of beings,”---kneeling, and lifting
“ his streaming eyes to Heaven,---
“ as a son, thou didst love me, and
“ with an affection more than filial was
“ thy love returned. See thy Lothair,
“ bereaved of all thy goodness had intended
“ for him; the virtues which
“ thou implanted in his heart made the
“ means of his destruction”---

“ Be it so,” continued he, rising with
“ dignity, whilst his tears ceased to flow,
“ there is consolation in that thought,
“ I am a beggar, because I would not
“ be a knave: I am poor, because I
“ would not selfishly and basely enjoy
“ what another had a superior claim
“ to”---

“ Come, sir, the sexton will be
“ back”---

“ And

“ And must I leave thee, Juliana?”
---sinking again into tender sorrow---
“ *For ever* leave thee?---Leave *thee* too,
“ my honoured friend, the only pair
“ who truly loved me, and return to a
“ world that cares not for me?---No,
“ here will I remain”---

“ Dear, your honour, let me prevail
“ upon you---indeed you *must* go.”

“ MUST! Who has authority to say
“ that!”

“ I ax your pardon; but indeed,
“ your honour, it is now necessary.”

“ Well, well; thou meanest well, and
“ shalt be obeyed. Oh! Juliana!”---
sinking again on his knees by the side
of the coffin, and fervently kissing the
velvet

velvet which covered it; "most beautiful, fairest of female forms! Rich
"casket of a jewel which now shines in
"Heaven! Farewell! Oh! farewell
"---FOR EVER! Farewell too, my
"more than father, my *benefactor*, my
"FRIEND! the fairest, and the best
"of mortals, associated here in death,
"*both* adieu!--adieu FOR EVER."

So saying, he rushed out of the place, as if he doubted his own resolution, followed by Bertoff.

By this time the company was all gone, the lights were dispersed, and night had resumed her darkness, and her solitude. The first, indeed, the rising moon promised to dispel, and kindly lent a glimmering aid to guide the steps of our hero, and his faithful attendant,

attendant, over the church-yard, where the frequent swelling turf, denoted the frail form of man, mouldering in his dark and narrow house.

The intention of his journey thus sorrowfully accomplished, Lothair felt an eagerness to return to his cave, where, in uninterrupted solitude, he might give free indulgence to his grief, which made him deaf to all the representations of Bertoff, on the absolute necessity of rest and refreshment; and, as soon as they had regained the path they had quitted, Lothair set off at a rate which his strength, impaired as it was by the fatigue of the two preceding day's journey, was very unadequate to sustain. It was soon slackened. But still, for several hours, he went forward in deep silence, interrupted but

by sighs, and the day broke upon them as, with weary steps and slow, they ascended a very high hill.

By the time they gained the summit, the strength of both was so much exhausted, that they threw themselves, as if by consent, at the root of a large spreading tree.

The encreasing brightness of the eastern clouds, gave notice of the near approach of the God of Day. The cultivated vale beneath them, which was interspersed with farm-houses and cottages, exhibited a varied scene of busy rural life:—The shepherd enlarging his flock from the confinement of the night, and pouring it on the verdant plain;—the plowman harnessing his horses to the crooked steel, destined

destined to open the bosom of the earth, to procure food for its sons;---the ruddy milk-maid, singing under her cow;---the mower, wetting his scythe---

On a sudden the sun, bursting from a cloud, which had veiled his rising beams, gave life, spirit, and animation to the world.

----To all the world, but Lothair; who, hiding his eyes on his arm, as he lay upon the earth, refused to join in the general joy.

“Oh! Bertoff,” he exclaimed,
“how came we to place ourselves here
“in such a moment as this, when all
“nature---the whole creation seem at
“war with my feelings!---When every
G 2 “living

“ living creature insults me with a display of joy and gladness! Limbs bear me to my sequestered vale, and then stiffen, and refuse your offices for ever. You are weary, Bertoff.”

“ A little, your honour. But what think you of breaking your fast? To say truth, I am more hungry than tired. I have still some bread, and a slice of cheese, in my wallet, and I can fill my bottle at that clear little spring on my left hand.”

“ I will thank thee for a little water, my good friend, but no eating for me. Indulge you, however, the kindly propensity, you will have more strength to endure the fatigues of your walk.”

“ But what will support your honour?”

“ Misery!

“Misery!—despair!—the wretch
“on the rack is insensible to the
“tooth-ach.”

Bertoff filled his bottle, out of which Lothair greedily drank; and then the honest peasant eat his breakfast with a very good appetite, though not with that glee which he would have done, could his patron have partook it with him; for he had great tenderness of soul. Indeed, that heart cannot be unacquainted with the finer feelings, which is susceptible of love; fondly did Bertoff love his Christiana; and he had only to reflect what he should suffer, if some fatal accident had torn her from him, to conceive all the tortures which excruciated the bosom of Lothair.

G 3

“Oh!

“ Oh! Bertoff!” exclaimed Lothair, after a long silence, “ you have seen
“ my Juliana; did you ever see so fine
“ a form, so exquisite a bloom, so
“ heavenly a countenance?”

“ Never, your honour?”

“ Those eyes of glossy blue, on
“ whose soft, whose benign beams, I
“ have gazed my soul away, are shut
“ for ever--dark--dark--*for ever* dark;
“ eternally silent that tongue, on whose
“ honeyed accents I have dwelt enraptured;---those fingers, which could
“ produce such harmony on the respondent strings, are now---good God!
“ the prey of worms;--and that form--
“ horror to reflect!--must sink into
“ corruption, that divine bosom become a feast for reptiles”---

“ True,

“ True, your honour ; it must be the
“ fate of us all ; the fairest as soon be-
“ come the prey of worms as the most
“ deformed. But her soul”---

“ Oh ! she had a heavenly soul, and
“ to Heaven it is fled. Angels are
“ now her companions---the meet
“ companions of her angelic purity.”

“ Then why should we grieve, your
“ honour, for her happiness ? Living,
“ she would have been miserable ; dead,
“ she is blest.”

“ Father of Mercies, what a comfort
“ hast thou sent me ! Bertoff, my dear
“ Bertoff, thy remonstrance contains
“ volumes. ’Tis impious to grieve.
“ How selfish my sorrow !---to the
“ winds with it”---

“ Well,

“ Well, now then, I hope, your
“ honour will eat some breakfast.”

“ Teize me not, my good fellow,
“ I cannot eat. My soul sighs for my
“ sequestered valley, where I hope my
“ exerted reason, aided by thy divine
“ hint, will soon restore my tranqui-
“ lity.”

On they again walked ; and towards evening reached a small village, where, with great difficulty, Bertoff persuaded Lothair to take some refreshment and rest. He did lay down a few hours, but short was the repose he allowed himself; and the next evening, weary and spent, they arrived at the place where he had so much wished to be.

Bertoff, though extremely fatigued,
would have staid, and waited upon
him,

him, but this he would not suffer.---
"Go to thy Christiana, my happy
"friend," said he, "I want nothing
"in thy power to procure me. I have
"provisions; my rivulet affords me
"drink; I have oil in my lamp"---

"At least, let me light it," said
Bertoff. He struck the flint, and
illuminated the cave.

"There, my friend, now leave me;
"and let me not see a human form
"till the morning after to-morrow."

"Suffer me to visit you *once* to-
"morrow."

"Not once; leave me---my soul
sickens for solitude."

Bertoff pronounced a fervent bene-
diction, and departed.

"At

“ At last, I am left to do as I please,”
said he, with a gloomy and fullen satisfaction, throwing himself on the ground before his cave: “ a life bereaved of
“ every comfort, renders death desirable—Oh! that he would now
“ strike me with his chill dart!—But
“ why wait for his protracted lingering
“ blow? Is it not in my *own* power to
“ close my eyes from that day, whose
“ beams are cheerless to me? Does
“ our Creator command us to support
“ a life, whose burthen crushes us to
“ the earth?—There is no such command.—He gave us life, as a blessing; is it possible then he should be
“ displeased, when, becoming a curse,
“ we cast it from us? He has implanted
“ a panting for happiness in every bosom; he has also planted a desire of
“ extricating ourselves from every
“ painful

“painful situation: my desire of happiness cannot be gratified; every avenue to it is shut from me: I obey then, but the impulse of nature in ridding myself of this being, the source of pain. Let me then, in the sweet oblivion of the grave, forget my cares---

---“Oh! God, who gavest me life, into thy hands I again resign it. Pardon if, tasting the cup, which some demon, perverting to evil thy gift, hast embittered beyond bearing; pardon if I dash it from me.

“But how?---I have a knife, long and sharp, which will reach my heart; it is in my pocket.”---

He felt---“No, it is not there;---
“I had it in my cave.”

He searched, but could nowhere find it. He was disappointed, paused a moment----“ Oh ! but my garter,” he cried, “ I can tie myself up to one of these trees ;---’tis an ignoble death ; but why should we regard the path which leads from wretchedness ?”

He took off his garter, and walked round his little lawn, in search of a proper tree. It was not an easy matter to find one, on which he could accomplish his purpose, without great difficulty, as they grew far back into the underwood, which sloped upwards on the rocky bank ; and his search afforded him leisure for reflexion,

“ Bertoff,” said he, “ will be strangely surprised to see me dangling here ; it will wound his honest heart ;---it
“ will

“ will grieve his Christiana.---How
“ have I been obliged to those people
“ for their grateful love, their dis-
“ interested friendship ! They are an in-
“ stance, that happiness owes its exist-
“ ence more to idea than circum-
“ stance, for they are happy in a station
“ which affords them barely necessa-
“ ries ; in a mere exemption from
“ starving, earning their hard fare by
“ harder labour : but they are happy
“ in their poverty, because united in
“ their love ; separate them, and they
“ would be wretched in affluence.---
“ Oh ! the participation of my Juliana
“ would have rendered the beverage
“ of the rill, and the dry crust of the
“ beggar, not only palatable, but de-
“ licious : her sweet converse beguiled
“ the hours of labour, and smoothed
“ the ruggedest path of life !---

---“ But

---“ But would she have been alike
“ enthusiastic in *her* affection? Would
“ love have rendered tolerable the
“ hard fare, the homely furniture, the
“ rustic attire, to one educated in the
“ lap of affluence, and habituated to
“ all the magnificence of life? Would
“ not some times a sigh of regret have
“ blasted me with its reproaches?---
“ It might---Nay, should I not, how-
“ ever I was reconciled to my *own* humili-
“ liation, have been made wretched by
“ seeing *hers*?---O! I should, and so
“ have been cursed in the blessing I
“ sought for---rendered miserable by
“ the possession of all my wishes.

“ Most fortunate then is the grave,
“ which has closed over thee, my Ju-
“ liana, and alike shut thee from the
“ fear of all thou didst hate, and the
“ enjoyment of all thou didst love.”

“ Bertoff,

“ Bertoff, and his Christiana, are
“ happy, because they never moved
“ in a much higher sphere; their
“ wishes were never taught to soar far
“ beyond what they now enjoy, and
“ they are content with their humble
“ station; we *might*, perhaps, have been
“ content too, but the effort must have
“ been greater.

“ The contentment of the poor has
“ its principal foundation in their
“ ignorance; the contentment of the
“ higher orders, on their enjoying
“ a competence equivalent to their
“ wants; that is to say, apportioned to
“ the way of life they have been in
“ the habit of, and to their *reasonable*
“ wishes: but the contentment of the
“ man, who has known days of afflu-
“ ence, who has been accustomed to
“ luxuries,

“luxuries, and who, torn from them;
“is sunk, with the partner of his soul,
“into the deep vale of poverty---from
“what must *his* contentment origi-
“nate?---

“If he is a philosopher, from the
“effort of his reason, which will dic-
“tate to him, that it is his wisest course
“to bear *irremediable* ills with patience,
“since impatience will not only add
“to their weight, but preclude him
“from enjoying the little good which
“is left him; and which, as it *is* small,
“he ought to prize, and enjoy the
“more: so that, since his fortune is
“so much less than his wishes, it is
“his wisest course, his only chance
“for happiness, to circumscribe his
“wishes in the narrow circle of his
“fortune.

“If

“ If he is a man of piety, he will
 “ resolve all into the good pleasure of
 “ God, and be contented with his lot,
 “ as assigned him by that great Being,
 “ of whose wisdom and goodness the
 “ most querulous can form no doubts.”

---“ And *does* God assign to each
 “ man his portion of happiness or
 “ misery?---Awful thought!---And do
 “ I dare to murmur---find fault with
 “ the distribution and Distributor---
 “ and wildly dash from me the cup of
 “ life, because its ingredients are not
 “ mixed to my palate?---Folly---mad-
 “ ness!---Was this life our *all* of being
 “ indeed, death, as a blest oblivion of
 “ its cares, were a good devoutly to be
 “ wished: but are we not assured it is
 “ a *probationary* state, a passage, a pil-
 “ grimage to another;---and, fleeting

“ as it is, fixes the happiness or misery
“ of an eternal state?---And shall I,
“ to escape a few hours of pain, hazard
“ the happiness of that eternity?---
“ that were indeed madness”---

“ True, there is no *positive* prohibi-
“ tion of self-murder; but does not
“ the act imply the highest discontent
“ at the decrees of his wisdom, the
“ greatest distrust of the goodness of
“ God?---the utmost cowardness and
“ abjectness of soul, to flee from what
“ he, for the wisest reasons, though
“ impenetrable to us, has thought
“ proper to inflict?---And will he not
“ punish this impatience---this distrust
“ ---this discontent?---

“ Shall we not, said that man of
“ patience, who in one hour, one *short*
“ hour,

“ hour, saw himself deprived of chil-
“ dren, of friends, of fortune; cast
“ from the seat of honour to the dung-
“ hill; the rich purple robe exchanged
“ for filthy rags, high health for loath-
“ some disease---shall we, said he, re-
“ ceive good at the hand of God, and
“ shall we not receive evil?---

—“ *His* afflictions were trials of his.
“ patience; his piety, his firm reliance
“ on Heaven—and how know I but
“ *mine* may be the same? He lost his
“ *all* by a sad, by a sudden reverse---
“ I also have lost mine. The hand of
“ God appointed the events to *him*; --
“ and, if it is the hand of God which
“ appoints the destinies of men, ought
“ we, *dare* we to murmur?---Is it not
“ rebellion against the Sovereign Lord
“ of the Universe?

“ Oh, Lord! I submit to thy
“ chastisements; thy will be done, O
“ Father: teach me to acquiesce *cheer-*
“ *fully* in thy awful behests, and to be
“ thankful for the good thou sufferest
“ to remain---for many comforts still
“ remain to me. Thou hast given me
“ high health and strength; thou hast
“ raised me these humble, but useful
“ friends; thou hast pointed out this
“ quiet retreat---for *these* receive my
“ grateful acknowledgements,” said he,
in a glow of devotion, falling on his
knees, and lifting up his hands, “ my
“ *sincere*st thanks.”

“ What pleasure is there in doing
“ right!” said he, in a kind of rapture
as he rose, “ away, thou implement of
“ mischief,”---casting his garter from
him, which, by this time, he had knit
into

into a knot, for the purpose of destruction, "I *ought*, and therefore I *will*
" live.

" But how? [This cave will afford
" me a secure retreat from the noise
" and bustle of the world.

" True, it will: but is the selfish
" apathy of a secluded life more ac-
" ceptable to God, than the activity
" of that man who goes through the
" world doing good, and assisting his
" fellow creatures?

" I can be devout here, without in-
" terruption, my thoughts undistracted
" by care.

" I shall. But are prayers *only* the
" road to Heaven? Ought not good
" deeds be added to them?]

“ Grant it ; but what good deeds
“ can *I* perform ; of what use can *I* be
“ to any living creature, poor and
“ destitute as I am ?

“ My *power* of doing good belongs
“ to the great Ruler of the Universe
“ to assign. I bring a heart to his
“ service ; and he, who beholds the
“ inmost recesses of that heart, will
“ accept the *intention*, though the
“ *action* may be circumscribed.

“ This quiet seclusion has infinite
“ charms---much to be preferred to
“ the noise and bustle of the world---

“ ---I tear that preference from my
“ soul ; for, as I *suffer* life from a
“ principle of duty to God, without
“ any prospect of *enjoying* it, *inclination*,
“ *taste*,

“*taste*, have no business to take the
“lead in my choice of what *sort* of
“life it shall be. I live, because, by
“dying, I should incur the anger of
“God, and hazard the happiness of
“an eternity; and I will *so* live as
“I think will be most pleasing to him,
“and of course most proper to secure
“that happiness, or I had better die
“at once, and escape the evils of
“life.

[Adieu! then, the selfish solitude
“of the monk and the hermit—]—But
“which way to bend my course?---

“Will it be of any use to explore
“the mystery of that castle, which a
“cowardly fear made me abandon?
“The spirits of the dead are not
“ordinarily suffered to disturb the

“ abodes of the living---there must
“ be something more than common
“ in it.

[“ I have heard that when the dying
“ are not, by the last holy anointing,
“ sanctified to appear in the presence
“ of God, that the spirit is condemned
“ to purging flames, or to wander in
“ the air, till purified from all earthly
“ stain, unless the priests, by appointed
“ masses, bring peace to the soul.]

“ ---Or has there been murder, and
“ the perturbed spirits wander round
“ the unburied reliques of the body,
“ till they are committed to consecrated
“ ground, and the murderer punished?
“ ---That dungeon--those bones--the
“ recollection chills me with horror---
“ Oh! that I could bring peace to
“ those

“those disturbed spirits!—But how?—
“I will confider to-morrow, for I feel
“weary, heavy, and want repose.”

He entered his cave, threw himself on his mattress, and, in a few moments, sunk into a profound sleep, in which he remained till the next day was far advanced.

“In how many hours of pleasing
“forgetfulness have I been indulged!”
said he, as he observed the height of the sun, when he came out of his cave; “How refreshing to my frame!
“How enlivening to my spirits the
“sweet sleep I have enjoyed! It has
“prepared me for the enterprize I
“meditate; for, when the sun is near
“its decline, I will take my lamp, re-
“pair to the castle, and chearfully
H 5 “leave

“leave the event to that great God,
“who has prescribed each being in the
“universe its proper bounds, nor suf-
“fers one order to break loose upon
“another, but for the most *important*
“purposes: who sees the purity of my
“heart, that it is no idle curiosity, no
“presumptuous daring, which leads
“me thither, but motives of true bene-
“volence; a desire of rendering my-
“self pleasing to him, by contributing
“to the happiness of others---I may
“be mistaken in the *means*, but I will
“consecrate the *motive* of my action
“to Heaven.”

The whole materia medica does not afford one recipe so effectual for raising the spirits, as the consciousness of acting right: Lothair's were perfectly exhilarated by it; and,

and, though not of the kind to break out into laughter, or noisy mirth, inclined him fully to enjoy the peaceful pleasures of his hermitage; and the day passed off not unpleasingly in remarking its various beauties, and in rambling through the forest, in which he discovered many enchanting spots.

At length the sun approached the horizon, and Lothair, taking his lamp and implements for procuring a light, walked to the castle. The same bustle ensued amongst the antient inhabitants of the hall as upon his first arrival: he waited not to see tranquility restored, but immediately ascended the stairs, and entered the chamber he had before occupied.

“The time will pass very tediously,” said he, “till midnight, with no other

“ companion than my own thoughts ;
“ would I had a book---But is it pos-
“ sible a castle, furnished as this is,
“ can be without a library?---Let me
“ seek it.”

He went out of the chamber, opened several doors, and at last discovered what he had sought. It was a very noble room, adorned with beautiful paintings and statuary, and contained the best authors of both modern and antient celebrity. The whole, with the globes, astronomical and other philosophical instruments, evinced the fine taste and opulence of those who had furnished it.

“ What an invaluable treasure !” said Lothair, as his eyes ran greedily over the backs of the books. He soon selected

lected one. Two large wax candles, in massy silver candlesticks, stood upon the writing table; he took them, with his book, into the chamber; and as it now began to be dark, he lighted them; and, sitting down, so placid was his soul, and so engrossed was he by his author, that the hour of midnight stole upon him unheeded; nor did the errand on which he came, once rise to his recollection, till he was reminded of it by a sudden gust of wind, rising in the castle, and howling in the long passages.

The doors banged, the windows rattled, the wainscot cracked. This was succeeded by a deep and dismal cry of distress: a more soul-harrowing sound never reached a human ear; it seemed to be composed of the screams
of

of children, the piercing shrieks of women, the groans of dying men---

Firm as Lothair thought his soul, the book dropt from his trembling hand. A moment's reflection, however, restored him to himself; he took up his book, and was endeavouring to regain his subject, when the door flew open, with great noise and violence, and the loose-robed phantom, with slow and solemn pace, presented itself before him.

For a moment it gazed on Lothair; and then, with a majestic air, waved him to the door.

"I will not go hence," said Lothair, with firmness: "If aught is required
"me to know, unfold it here. *Who*
"*art thou?*"

"THY

"THY FATHER, youth," a voice, like the hollow echoes of a vault, replied, "thy MURDERED father."

"MY FATHER!" cried Lothair, gasping for breath, his eyes stretched to their full circumference, gazing on the wan and faded form, whilst an indescribable sensation of painful tenderness swelled his heart,---"MY FATHER—MURDERED—AND THUS?"
"—Oh! my father! revered name!"
"Let me thus, on my knees, pay that
"duteous homage to thy shade, which
"fate denied me to thy earthly sub-
"stance."

He approached the shadow, and sunk on his knees before it, in speechless agony, whilst streams of tears ran down his cheeks. The shade bent
over

over him, whilst a faint gleam of pleasure half-illumed its solemn and sad countenance.

“Oh! my father!” at length, he cried, “if the unembodied spirit can
“take cognizance of what passes in the
“unembodied, thou knowest what painful
“curiosity rends my heart---Where
“is my mother?---Where thy other
“children?”

“Murdered. ALL murdered, but
“thyself; whom, thrown into the river,
“a tuft of hay, by the good providence
“of God, received.”

“My God!--ALL!--”---He paused, in horror and astonishment: at last proceeded; “How shall I revenge thy
“murder?---How give peace to thy
“troubled spirit?”

“Consult

"Consult the marquis of Montano," the same hollow voice replied.

Lothair still continued kneeling, still gazing on the almost transparent form, wishing for farther instruction, yet too much awed to ask it, when it gradually faded from his sight, and dissolved into air, and he continued to fix his straining eyes on empty space.

At length he rose, and threw himself into an easy chair, his mind so filled with the recent scene, that he seemed to have not an idea beyond it.

As his mind recovered its powers, he perceived that, though he had gained some light, still the affair was involved in great mystery. Who was

the marquis of Montano?—And where was he to be found?—It was not probable that Bertoff could give him any information, yet he might be of use to him; and in the bosom of that faithful friend, he determined to confide the whole affair.

He then lay down upon the bed, but his mind was too perturbed to afford him any thing but short and broken slumbers. The moment he closed his eyes, the wan spirit of his father swam before him, the dismal cries sounded in his ears, and he started from his sleep in indescribable horrors.

He rose early, unrefreshed and dispirited; and, leaving the castle, walked towards his cave. Near it he found
Bertoff,

Bertoff, who had been to pay him an early visit, as he had been fortade to do it the day before, and who was greatly alarmed at not finding him there.

Lothair saw, in the honest joy of the peasant at perceiving him safe, an incontrovertable testimony of his affection, and he took him back to the cave, that he there might unbosom himself, without fear of interruption.

Bertoff declared his hair stood an end with terror and astonishment; But Lothair found he could give him no intelligence of the Marquis. He had been but a short time in that part of the country, and knew no more than that the domain of the haunted castle was very large and extensive; and that

its lord lived at some distance, but he was not even acquainted with his name.

“But if your lordship,” said he,
“would give grant that I might tell
“this wonderful story to my wife, she
“hath forty times more sense than me,
“your honour---Ods bobs, she would
“find out a way---How joyful should
“we all be to see your honour lord
“of that fine castle, and all the estates
“round!”

“And if I should, Bertoff, thou
“shalt choose the best farm of the
“whole.”

“Oh! your honour, that would be
“too much.”

“Well,

“ Well, my dear Bertoff, we will
“ first discover where this marquis is
“ to be found. If thou thinkest Chris-
“ tiana can assist us, and art *sure* she
“ can keep a secret”——

“ I will pledge my life, your ho-
“ nour”——

“ We will go then, and tell her the
“ story.”

They went to the cabin, but Chris-
tiana was not alone; an old gossiping
female was with her, who came to buy
her honey.

“ Oh! Heavens!” said Christiana,
as they entered, “ here is good father
“ Francis with my husband! Welcome,
“ father; how are you after your long
“ walk?”

"I thank you, daughter, perfectly well."

"This," said Christiana, "neighbour, is a pious father, who means to bless us by living in our district."

"Holy Mary, how glad I am to hear it! It is now many years since father Jacamo had a cell in the forest---Ah! the good that he did in our cottages! He comforted the souls of all the poor twenty miles round. Ah! they were blessed days! —Younger eyes than mine will never see the like again—Las-a-day! No, for then we had a good lord and lady at the castle."

"Indeed!" said Bertoff, finding that Lothair was unable to speak,
"Who

"Who were they, pray? Did you
"know them?"

"Ah! blefs their sweet faces! I
"have seen them times and often.
"My lord was as stately as a king;
"nay, people did say he was related
"to the king, but he was very kind to
"the poor for all that; and my lady
"was as handsome and as good as an
"angel."

"What were their names?"

"The count and countess of Rosen-
berg."

"What became of them?"

"Oh! They went into France at
"the time we had so many soldiers all
"about; so many wars, and the like

“ of that, that poor Bohemia was al-
“ most eaten up of them. My lady
“ was afraid belike, and so they went
“ away all of a sudden, without bidding
“ good bye to their nearest friends;
“ and there stands the poor castle, just
“ as they left it, with all the furniture,
“ I have heard, and there it may re-
“ main, I fancy, for nobody will carry
“ it away.”

“ Why ?” said Christiana.

“ Why, the devil is come to keep
“ house there, and the witches have a
“ ball every night.”

“ Now you jest, I am sure,” said
Christiana, smiling.

“ I’ll be hanged if I do though; it is
“ as true as the Virgin is in Heaven.”

“ But

"But who receives the rents of the castle?" just articulated Lothair.

"Holy father; a nobleman who lives about twenty miles off, and is called the Baron Steinfort." Lothair started. She did not observe him, but continued---"He married the countess's sister. People said he was a sad husband, and broke the poor lady's heart; but he lives a long way off, and the world is very given to lying. To be sure he hath a steward, who screws the tenants very much; they cannot live as in my lord the count's time: Oh! no, that they cannot---But we must never expect to see such days as they were again; we might have fifty lords, and never look upon such another."

“ Did the marquis of Montano ever
“ come to the castle ?” said Bertoff.

“ Oh ! yes ; his wedding was kept
“ there, and very grand it was : all the
“ vassals were feasted---Gracious Vir-
“ gin, what happy times were those !”

“ Do you know where the marquis
“ lives ?”

“ Yes ; at Florence, in Italy, for my
“ husband’s sister went laundry maid
“ to the young marchioness.”

“ Can you recollect how long it is
“ since the count, with his family, went
“ to France ?” said Lothair.

“ Exactly, father ; for I was brought
“ to bed of my third son the very
“ morning

" morning I heard the news, and my
" son is two and twenty next grafts fall:
" I have reason to remember it was
" *that* time of the year, for we had the
" night before such a flood as swept
" all the new-mown hay from the mea-
" dows into the river--But, blest me!"
said she, looking at the hour-glass,
which stood in the window, " I shall
" talk, and forget what I have to do—
" I must go and prepare for my hus-
" band's dinner. Holy father, I hope
" you will look into my poor habita-
" tion, and blest me and my family."

" Where do you live, daughter?"

" Hard by. My good neighbour,
" Christiana, will, I hope, shew you
" the way. May the blessing of the
" Mother of God be upon you all!"—
Away she hobbled.

" Though

“ Though we have gained all the
“ intelligence we wanted,” said Lo-
thair, smiling on Bertoff, “ yet still
“ Christiana shall be acquainted with
“ my secret, that she may council me,
“ as I am convinced the female mind
“ is much the most ready and ingenious
“ in difficult matters.”

“ Your honour is disposed to rail-
“ lery.”

“ Never less so, my good Christiana.
“ But I will inform thee.”

He did so. Christiana's astonish-
ment was great. “ If the marquis lives
“ in Italy,” said she, “ you will, without
“ doubt, take a journey thither.”

“ I intend it. But the difficulty is,
“ how to procure the means of travel-
“ ling

“ling—My purse contains a very few
“ducats.”

“Most gladly would my husband
“and I sell all that we have, to procure
“you proper accommodation”—

“Talk not of it, Christiana.”—

“But the castle, my lord, that is
“undoubtedly yours. If every thing
“remains as they were left by the
“family, even to the wearing apparel,
“probably there may be jewels; these
“murderers seem to have been above
“plunder of the small kind—It would
“be worth while to examine minutely,
“and your right to them is indis-
“putable”---

“We have the ghost’s word for it,
“indeed; but how shall we *prove* that
“right?”

“right? Such an evidence may not
“be allowed in our Bohemian courts
“---They may have infidelity enough
“to break me on the wheel for a rob-
“ber. However, your hint, Christiana,
“is not a bad one: the peace of these
“perturbed spirits is of the first con-
“sideration, and I will hazard petty
“consequences to effect it. As I
“mean not to expend what I may find
“in wanton or selfish gratifications, I
“shall stand acquitted in my *own* court
“of *conscience*, whatever I may do in
“one of *law*. You shall both go with
“me.”

“Not at night, please your honour,”
said Bertoff.

“I mean not to make any more
“night visits. We will go immediately,
“for

“for I shall enjoy no rest till the spirits
“of my parents are in peace.”

Accordingly, after taking some refreshment, they set off, and reached the castle about noon. As they entered the hall, though warned of the bustle their presence would occasion, Bertoff and Christiana started back, in no small consternation; and though Lothair endeavoured to rally them out of their fears, they trembled and turned pale as their steps echoed in the lofty rooms, and were every moment looking behind them.

By degrees, however, their fears subsided, and they grew tolerably composed. They examined all the lower apartments, and then ascended the stairs. After viewing and admiring
the

the rich furniture, and costly decorations of the saloon, Lothair conducted them into the chamber where he had slept; which, being the place where the ghost had appeared, renewed all their fears, and it was some time before they were sufficiently composed to examine it.

Curiosity at length got the better of apprehension; and as this had been to all appearance the apartment of the count and countess, and there were closets in it, and two large dressing-rooms adjoining, one for a gentleman, the other for a lady, it was here, if any where, their search would be successful, and a very strict one commenced.

All the drawers were opened, and examined. They found a great variety of
of

of rich articles of dress, as fine linen, laces, silks, &c. Some valuable ornaments, which seemed to have been in common wear, were in the dressing boxes, and in one of them they found a key, which they immediately concluded belonged to a large cabinet in the ladies dressing room, and upon trial found themselves not mistaken.

Examining the drawers of this cabinet, the eyes of Bertoff and Christiana, unaccustomed to such things, were dazzled at the riches they contained. In one of them was a lady's set of jewels of immense value; in another those of a gentleman, with a splendid star, which seemed to belong to some order of knighthood; in another some very beautiful miniature portraits, encircled with brilliants.

VOL. I.

K

These

These last fixed the attention of Lothair, who fancied he saw in one the likeness of his father; and on comparing it with the family piece, he discovered a striking resemblance, as another bore to the lady there, whom he concluded was his mother.

He fervently kissed both. "What—
"ever befall me," said he, "never will
"I part from these precious shadows—
"They shall be the companions of my
"future fortunes;" saying which, he
enclosed them in their cases, and put
them into his pocket.

"'Tis strange," said Bertoff, "that
"whoever murdered this family,
"should not take away any of these
"valuable things."

"They

“ They played too cunning a part to
“ do that” said Christiana, “ for these
“ matters would probably lead to a dis-
“ covery.”

“ They aimed higher,” said Lothair;
“ it was in all probability the rich de-
“ mesnes of the castle, not its furni-
“ ture, or the ornaments of its inhabi-
“ tants, they sought by their crime
“ to ensure. Money, however, as a
“ commodity not *distinguishable*, it is
“ likely they secured; but we will
“ search farther, notwithstanding that
“ conjecture: Count Borlaskau had a
“ secret treasury, through such a clo-
“ set as is in the gentleman’s dressing
“ room, whose door was so ingeniously
“ contrived, that it was imperceptible
“ to all who were not previously ac-
“ quainted with the secret: perhaps
“ this castle has such an one, which it

“is *possible* might escape the search of
“the assassins; when we have seen all
“the contents of this cabinet, I am
“determined to examine that closet.”

The other drawers of the cabinet they found contained valuable matters of ornament or curiosity; and on opening a private drawer—for Lothair having seen many of these things, was perfectly well acquainted with all the little tricks of concealment practised by their makers; he found a large green silk purse, crammed up to the top with double ducats.

This was a most desirable acquisition, and indeed all that he stood in need of, yet Lothair could not be satisfied without endeavouring to discover the treasury; and they went into the closet,
which

which was hung with tapestry, and loose from its walls. He sounded all round it, but found no other appearance than its being in the wall of the castle, as in fact it was, in one of the small round towers, and had a window in it which discovered the extreme thickness of the wall, so that he became satisfied there was no door, or if there was could it have led to any place.

But unwilling to give up this search, he made Bertoff take out the furniture, which consisted of a small table, and some chairs, and taking up the carpet examined the floor. Here he saw the boards which composed the flooring, did not run the whole length of the closet, but were cut next the wall in a large square, which he was immediately convinced was a trap door,

door, though he knew not how to get it up.

He tried with his foot to see where the hinge was, and then with his hand ; at length, pressing very hard a place he thought looser than the rest, he found it was a spring, which pushed up a little piece of the flooring, and discovered a large key hole.

But where was the key ?

“ Perhaps,” said Christiana, “ it is
“ in the cabinet in the Lord’s dressing
“ room.”

The cabinet was examined. It contained gold and silver medals, and other valuable curiosities of elegant antiquity ; and in one drawer, to their
great

great satisfaction, they found two keys, one of which they had no doubt belonged to the trap door, and on application found it did so.

The door was at length heaved up by the united efforts of Lothair and Bertoff; for the joints were so rusted they had forgot their office. Under it they perceived a narrow winding staircase, which seemed to lead them from the light of day, for Lothair going down a few steps, found the passage so exceedingly dark, that it was impossible to make any discoveries.

Here Christiana's prudent forecast was of infinite use, for not knowing where they might be obliged to go, she had taken with her implements for striking a light.

K 4

A light

A light was struck; one of the wax candles which Lothair had left the evening before lighted, and he went down the stairs with it in his hand, followed by the trembling Bertoff, in whom this gloomy descent renewed all his fears.

They descended a great number of steps, and at last found themselves before a door which was locked. Lothair had put the two keys in his pocket after unlocking the trap door, and found the other belonged to this.

On unclosing this door, which was done with great difficulty, their candle, to the great consternation of Bertoff, went suddenly out, and they were left in utter darkness at the foot of this deep staircase, which to Bertoff's ideas, seemed to have carried them into the bowels of the earth.

The

The poor peasant, expecting every moment to be seized tooth and nail by some fiend, turned up the stairs, stumbling and beating his shins against them at every step, and with pale face, chattering teeth, and standing hair, presented such a picture of horror to his wife, who was impatiently waiting for them, that she was almost as frightened as himself, nor could all the eloquence of Lothair, who followed immediately after, for some time compose them, notwithstanding he assured them it could be nothing but the damp vapour of the room, that had been so long shut up, which put out the candle.

At length a light was struck a second time ; but Bertoff, well as he loved his patron, seemed unwilling to venture again into what he really thought the
infernal

infernal regions, and Lothair readily excused him. Again he descended the stairs, and with great precaution, shading the candle with his hand, entered this subterranean apartment, and looked round.

It was a small room which he conjectured must be below the foundation of the castle; its walls were incrustated with a kind of marble, and round it were placed several chests, which were become black and mouldy with the damp.

He examined them: in one was large bags of ducats, in another many large pieces of old useless silver plate; and in some others what he fancied was a complete service of gold, but so exceedingly discoloured, that it was but probable conjecture.

As

As the purse in the cabinet was competent to all his wants for the present, he displaced nothing ; but having satisfied his curiosity, he locked the door, and ascending to the regions of day, relieved his faithful adherents from all their fears upon his account.

He informed them of his discoveries, for in their bosoms he was convinced his secret was safe. The furniture of the closet was replaced ; and locking the keys of the treasury with that of the lady's cabinet in his father's, he put that key into his pocket, with the purse of ducats, and it drawing near evening, they left the castle, and Lothair retired to his cell, having first given Bertoff orders and money to purchase three horses, to hire a servant, to buy livery for him, and cloaths
for

for himself, as the gentleman of a nobleman, with all other necessary accoutrements, with arms for all three.

Bertoff was indefatigable in executing his commission. He hired a stout fellow, of whom, from some knowledge, he had formed a good opinion; bought three very fine horses; in short was so active, that every thing was ready for their journey on the sixth morning; and after taking a tender leave of Christiana, who breathed many ardent prayers for a happy conclusion to the adventure. Lothair set out on his way to Italy, attended by Bertoff as his gentleman, and honest Geoffrey Burgau in livery, as his footman, with the cloak-bag, &c.

They

They crossed the Mulda, passed the mountains which separate Bohemia from Bavaria, and reached the foot of the Alps, without any adventure worthy commemoration.

They had ascended part of those stupendous mountains, whose range encompasses so many provinces, when, coming to a defile, which winded through one of them, and which afforded no unpleasant passage, as its ascent was very gradual, Lothair, tired with riding, gave his horse to his servant, and walked on.

The path was soft and mossy, the hills rose to an immense height on each side, in some places covered with an agreeable verdure, and enamelled beautifully with flowers; in others,
broken

broken into grey and craggy rocks ; whilst, from the melting of the snow above, innumerable little rills of the purest water meandered down.

The defile, at length, suddenly opened into a wide and circular plain, where one of the natives of this aerial region, taking advantage of the situation, had scooped a large cavern in the rock, and had made of it a kind of auberge for the reception of travellers passing that way ; so that Lothair, by the winding of the path turning suddenly into it, was astonished to find the scene totally changed, from the deepest solitude to the gaiety of a large company ; for an Italian nobleman, and his train of attendants, had, in his way to Germany, stopt to take some refreshment in this place.

He

He was immediately saluted by the master of this extraordinary inn, the novelty of which induced Lothair to enter, the host having previously asked, and gained permission, to introduce the stranger.

He found himself in the presence of a man of a noble aspect, about the middle age, accompanied by a lady of much the same time of life, of a most graceful form and agreeable feature; and a young lady of near eighteen, whose elegant manners, and sweetness of countenance, were infinitely prepossessing.

The first speeches of ceremony over, there appeared a mutual pleasure in this meeting; for, if Lothair felt himself prepossessed in favour of the
strangers,

strangers, they contemplated his graceful figure, his animated expressive countenance, with no less complacency. He was pressed to partake their collation, and their benevolence extended to his attendants, whom the nobleman ordered his own servants to take care of.

They informed him they were going into Bohemia, and hoped for the pleasure of his company in their journey; and he lamented that fortune had cruelly deprived him of such felicity, a business of indispensable necessity leading him into Italy.

"To Italy! What part?" the lady eagerly enquired.

"To Florence, madam."

"To

“To Florence!—We came from
“thence—Who is to have the honour
“of entertaining you there?”

“I am in search, madam, of a
“nobleman, to whose person I am a
“stranger, the marquis of Montano.”

They looked at each other. The
gentleman came forwards: “the mar-
“quis Montano did you say, sir? How
“fortunate this rencontre! Behold
“him here.”

“Have I the honour to address the
“marquis Montano? Can I believe
“myself so fortunate!”

“So am I called, sir.”

VOL. I.

L

“Oh!”

“ Oh !” said the lady, coming up eagerly to him, taking his hand, and looking inquisitively in his face, “ Let
“ me guess your errand---You are the
“ son of Count Rosenberg---sent by
“ your dear father in search of rela-
“ tions, who have been so long estrang-
“ ed from him----It must be so. See
“ you not, my lord, my brother’s form
“ and face, and even the accents of
“ his voice?---Oh! let me embrace
“ thee, my dear Ricardo---for it must
“ be him, the dear boy I received in
“ my lap, when he opened his sweet
“ eyes to the light---Tell me, have you
“ not the shape of a strawberry im-
“ printed on your breast?”

“ I have--I have”--said he, tearing open the bosom of his shirt, whilst his heart panted, as if it would have
broken

broken through its boundaries--“ See,
“ madam, see the strawberry--Do you
“ recognize the mark ?”

“ I can---I do---You are my own
“ brother’s son, my dear Ricardo---
“ That name I gave you myself at
“ your baptism, after your uncle here,
“ who was the chosen of my heart,
“ though our hands were not then
“ united.”

She strained him to her bosom,
whilst he fervently returned the wel-
come embrace. She then presented
him, as her nephew, to the marquis,
who received him with a warmth very
grateful to the heart of Lothair, which
had hitherto been a stranger to the
joys of affinity. He was next presented
to his cousin, the fair Caroline, and

had the honour of touching her blushing cheek.

“ But how,” said the marchioness, with a tender smile, seating her nephew next herself, “ How is my dear brother--my sister--and their other sweet children? Tell me, Ricardo, tell me all about them---what has happened ---what events in the many tedious years we have been strangers to each other? Your sister, who promised to be very handsome, I conclude is married; your two elder brothers also, I suppose, are settled in the world. I often, in the German wars, fought for their names among the officers who distinguished themselves; but my sister, who was all softness, would not, I imagine, suffer them to engage in that dangerous
“ and

“and dreadful business. How was it,
“my dear Ricardo? Tell me all.”

These interrogations excruciated the heart of him to whom they were addressed, with tortures too great to leave him the power of speech. In vain he opened his mouth to answer; an inarticulate sound, between a sigh and a groan, which made them all start, and the marchioness turn pale, could only find utterance.

“What can this emotion mean, Ri-
“cardo?---This dreadful silence?---
“Oh! for Heaven’s sake, speak, or I
“shall die with apprehension.”

“Oh! madam,” said he, clasping his hands in an agony, “and when I
“do, you will die with grief.”

“ Yet, tell me---Oh! tell me---My
“ brother, perhaps, is snatched from
“ me?”

“ He is, madam.”

“ My sister?”

“ Oh! she is gone---gone also”---

“ Their children?”

“ All gone---all but my unfortunate
“ self. Oh!” said he, throwing him-
self on the ground at her feet, in an
agony of distress, which precluded
every prudent reserve; “ Oh! my dear
“ aunt, what will you feel, when you
“ are informed they perished by the
“ hand of cruel assassins; and that,
“ ununctioned, and unburied, their
“ perturbed

“perturbed spirits still haunt the
“place which contains their earthly
“reliques?----They call aloud for
“vengeance, and it was for that pur-
“pose I fought the marquis.”

Fortunately, for the preservation of the marchioness' senses, the tale was too horrible to gain instant belief: she heard it as a deaf person does the imperfect sketch of some story, and held it at a distance from her heart, as if its entrance would burst it. Whilst the marquis, and his daughter, kept a melancholy silence, he, expressing by his looks his apprehension of the event of this scene, yet fearful of interrupting it; Caroline dissolved in tears.

“Ha!” said she, at last, with a kind of hurrying composure, (if I may be

allowed to join two such discordant words,) "I would fain believe I heard
"amiss, or that thou art mad---*All*,
"did you say---*All* murdered?"

"Alas! madam! Would I could
"recall the curst intelligence!"

"All! Good God, how horrible!
"---My lord---Caroline, did you
"hear?"---

"Have some drops, madam," said
the weeping Caroline.

"No drops for me, child."

"Have comfort, madam."

"Tell me not of comfort, my lord
---"Oh! thou dearest of brothers---
"thou

“thou sweetest, best of women—ye
“angelic children! All to be murdered,
“basely murdered!—Merciless—But where wert thou, young
“man? —Thy arm should have
“guarded, should have prevented the
“blow.”

“Alas! madam! I was an infant,
“not a year old; saved by providence
“from the general wreck; brought up
“by those who knew me not; and it
“is not ten days since I was first made
“acquainted with my family, and their
“dreadful catastrophe.”

“An infant!—so *long* ago!—Oh!
“this is torture beyond the infliction
“of fiends! I, unnatural sister, never
“in the space of twenty-two years, to
“make

“ make any enquiries!—suffer this trea-
“ sure to be basely, inhumanly seized,
“ and gaily tread the earth, as if it still
“ existed!—Oh! I had miserly reserved
“ it, as a sacred hoard of happiness, as
“ a resource when others failed! In all
“ disappointments, though they touched
“ me nearly, it was my consolation,
“ that I had *one* joy still behind, *one*
“ untouched pleasure, which, at will,
“ I could draw forth and enjoy—
“ Now, robbed of that sweet resource,
“ hope is flown of the future; and the
“ griefs, the disappointments of the
“ past, recur with double force; they
“ sink—they annihilate me—Life is
“ divested of all its joy!—Oh! death!
“ thou friend of the wretched, take
“ me to thy bosom, wrap me in thy
“ welcome oblivion”—

“ No,

“No joy! my dearest life,” said the marquis, “recollect yourself: if
“you love your husband, *he* still re-
“mains to you: our dearest Caroline,
“see how you overwhelm the spirits
“of the dear girl, by your grief;—
“and, though your brother is so
“dreadfully torn from us, see his
“representative, his living image—
“Say not, then, my dearest Amelia,
“that your life is bereft of *all* its
“joys.”

“Pardon me, my lord---my sweet
“Caroline---my dear Ricardo---Life
“has, I acknowledge, *still* its blessings;
“yet O! pardon my distress for the
“inestimable ones thus cruelly snatched
“from me. My sons---Ah! I lose
“them again---They are this moment
“dying

“dying afresh with my brother, and
“his family” —

“Confider, my dearest life, the will
“of Heaven.”

“Its high will be done ; yet, writh-
“ing with smart under its chastisements,
“it will not judge with severity the
“feelings of human infirmity. But I
“*will* be calm, I *will* compose my-
“self. Caroline, you may tell Eliza
“to get me some drops ; and Ricardo,
“tell me, how did all these things
“happen ?”---

“The tale, madam, is long, and
“your spirits are much discomposed ;
“it had better be deferred”---

“Oh !

"Oh! no, no, no, let me hear it
"now; I shall never be in a better
"state of mind. Am I not composed?
"Am I not calm?---Do I shed a tear?
"---Now, Ricardo, now let me hear
"thy sad tale."

He looked at the Marquis. "I be-
"lieve," answered he to the silent in-
terrogatory, "you had better indulge
"her."

"What I have to say, my dear
"madam," said he, taking her hand,
as he seated himself by her, and
respectfully kissing it, "will bear little
"relation to those dear friends, of
"whose fate you wish to be informed,
"since I am wholly unacquainted with
"the particulars; and, till these few
"days,

“ days was so totally ignorant of the
“ house from whence I sprung, that I
“ knew not even its name, or that such
“ a family ever existed. I can recount
“ only my own history.”

“ I am impatient for it.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.